

Earth's General Store

OCT. 2004

Oct. 1st, Friday @ 12:00 - 9:00pm: Come and celebrate **WORLD VEGETARIAN DAY** at Padmanadi Indonesian Restaurant. Location: 10626 - 97 Street. Cost: Special \$12 buffet from noon until 9. Contact: 428-8899.

Oct. 2nd, Saturday @ 5:30 pm: Vegetarians of Alberta will celebrate **GANDHI'S BIRTHDAY & WORLD FARM ANIMAL DAY** at Oriental Veggie House, 10586 - 100 Street at 6:30pm. Contact: 424-0463.

October 2nd, Saturday: Fundraiser for **HURRICANE IVAN** victims in Jamaica sponsored by the Northern Alberta Jamaican Association. Contact: 423-5262.

October 2nd, Saturday @ 5:30 pm: **CROSS-CANADA DAY OF ACTION AGAINST MISSILE DEFENCE.** Let the government know that you do not want our country to participate in this programme.

Oct. 2nd, Saturday and Oct. 3rd, Sunday: **ECO-SOLAR EXPO** a showcase for alternative energy sources, energy efficient devices, environmentally friendly building practices and water and energy conservation. Location: Calgary - SAIT (1301 16th Avenue NW). Cost: \$75.00. Contact:

robyn.robertson@sait.ca or call Judi at 288-6046. Website: <http://www.enervision.tv>

October 3rd, Sunday @ 2:00 pm: **ENVIRONMENTAL RALLY** at the Alberta Legislature. General Environmental Rally and multi-faith healing of the Legislature. Location: Alberta Legislature. Cost: FREE. Contact: Lucero- 433-048 lucero.mariani@ualberta.ca Website: <http://www.democracyproject.ca/EDAN/>

October 5th, Tuesday @ 7:00 pm: **EARTH TUBES & SOLAR ROOFS** presentation by University of Calgary Professor Tang Lee. Location: 5-142 on the main floor of the 105th Street Building, Grant MacEwan Downtown Campus on 104 Avenue. Website: <http://www.ecn.ab.ca/sesci/>

October 7th, Thursday @ 6:00 pm: **GREEN PARTY OF ALBERTA**, Edmonton and area branch, meets each Thursday until the election at 7:00 p.m. at Hostelling International, 10645 - 81 Avenue. Anyone can attend. For information contact Cameron at 484-5211.

October 7th, Thursday @ 6:00 pm: Author of the book **THE STORY OF JANE DOE**, Jane Doe, will be discussing her book about being raped and the legal system that she had to

fight to get justice - albeit late. Location: Tory Lecture Theatre, University of Alberta. Cost: Unknown at this time. Contact: U of A Women's Collective at 492-2743.

October 14th to 16th: Canada's Second Annual **NATIONAL FOOD SECURITY ASSEMBLY**. Location: Winnipeg, Manitoba. For more information contact: Canadian Foodgrains Bank, (204)944-1993, foodsecurityassembly@hotmail.com. Website: www.foodsecurityassembly.ca

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October 17th, Sunday @ 5:30 - 7:00 pm: **VEGETARIANS OF ALBERTA MONTHLY POTLUCK** at Riverdale Community Hall, 9231 - 100th Avenue. \$2 members and \$3 non-members. Please bring a lacto-ovo or vegan dish for six and your cutlery and crockery. Visit www.telusplanet.net/~voa or call 988-2713 for more information.

October 20th, Wednesday @ 6:00 pm: **AROUND THE WORLD FUNDRAISER** for Voluntary Service Overseas

(VSO) Canada @ the Iron Horse (8101 103 St). VSO is an international development agency that promotes volunteering to fight global poverty and disadvantage. If you like socializing with friends, supporting a charity and testing your trivia skills for great prizes, then this event is for you! For more information or to get your tickets in advance call 433-1962 - the suggested donation for tickets is \$15-\$20 but any amount will be accepted.

October 22nd, Friday @ 7:00pm: An evening with Avi Lewis. Location: Alberta Teacher's Association auditorium @ 11010 - 142 Street. Cost: FREE. Contact: 447-9400 for pre-registration.

October 28th, Thursday @ 6:00 pm: **GREEN PARTY OF ALBERTA**, Edmonton and area branch, meets each Thursday until the election at 7:00 p.m. at Hostelling International, 10645 - 81 Avenue. Anyone can attend. For information contact Cameron at 484-5211.

Act Now!

SUDAN - Let our government know right now that the travesty that is happening in Dafur is unacceptable. We are fiddling while there are people being slaughtered in yet another corner of the world. Totally unac-

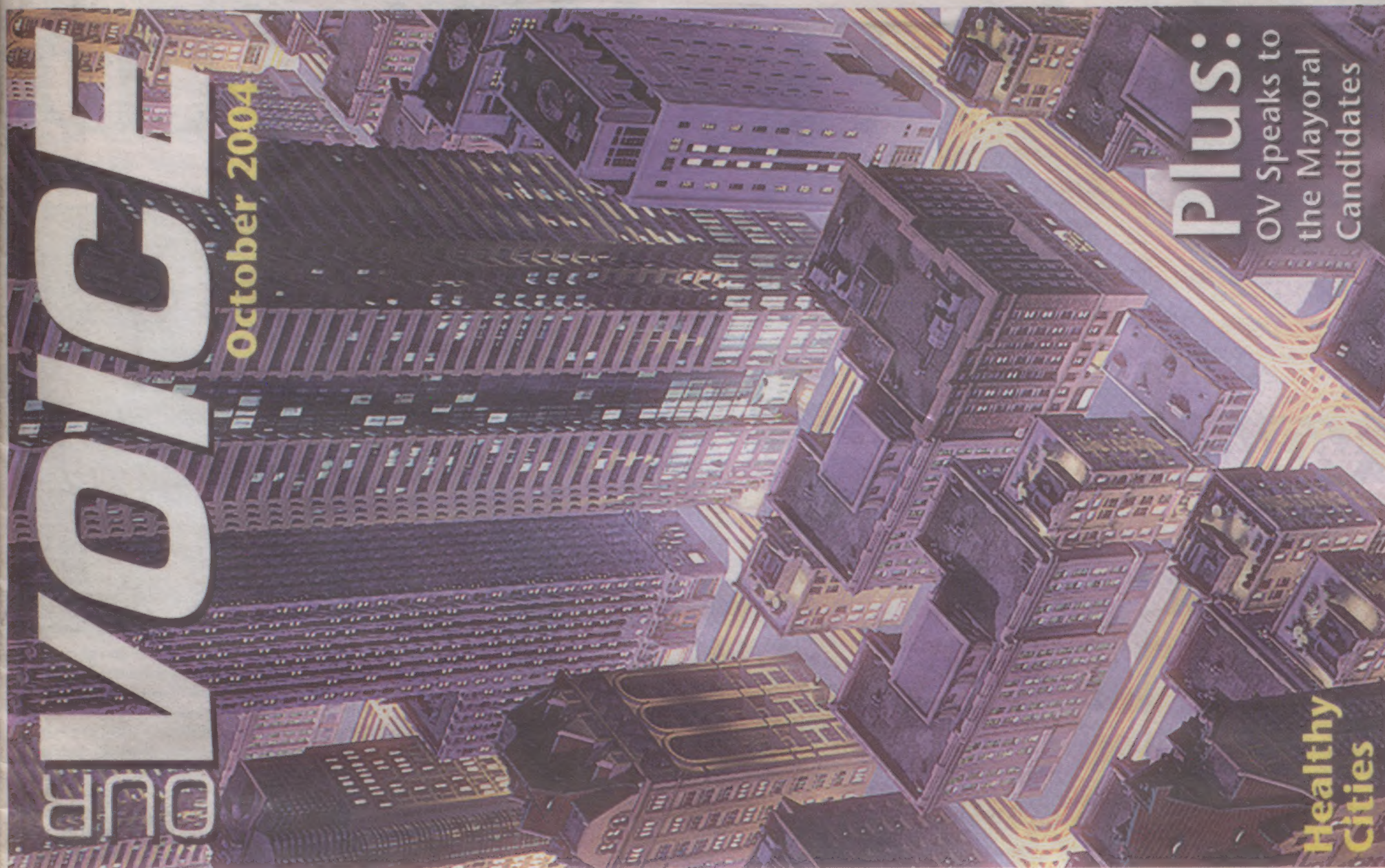
ceptable. Call it for what it is - GENOCIDE. Contact: Pierre Pettigrew at Pettigrew.P@parl.gc.ca and Paul Martin at Martin.P@parl.gc.ca or pm@gc.ca

MISSILE DEFENSE - Right now, the Liberals are holding planning meetings behind closed doors in Ottawa to discuss buying into the Pentagon's missile defence scheme. Add your name to a letter of support at <http://www.ceasefire.ca>, and then write to Defence Minister Bill Graham (Graham.B@parl.gc.ca) and Foreign Affairs Minister Pierre Pettigrew (Pettigrew.P@parl.gc.ca). Tell them to keep Canada out of Bush's Missile Defence System. Send a copy to Paul Martin, pm@gc.ca

Interesting Website:

Check out a running total of the amount of money spent by the U.S. Government to finance the war in Iraq, and to find out how else the money could have been spent, visit: <http://costofwar.com/>. In the not too distant future we could see a similar site listing the amount of money that the Canadian Government has spent on the Missile Defense programme.

Please send comments or events for next month to egs@interbaun.com.



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in our society while
communicating their issues to the
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tributions and input.

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THE WORD

The Place Where You Live

Measuring the average physical health of a community member is one of the ways to determine how healthy a community comports itself as a whole. It illustrates how community members take care of themselves and of each other. Many people have sky-high stress levels that don't always show on the surface, this is one of the crisis points that we don't see because they are not public fodder.

Factors such as family background, mental illness, quality of education, crime levels, gang violence and what the kids have to do to keep themselves occupied and out of trouble are also significant in measuring the health of a community. Community pride comes from people, not from legislation or from agencies. Many agencies do very good work in community building, but it takes the caring, focussed energy of area denizens to make anywhere a safe, friendly place to live.

Years ago, I lived with a bunch of friends in the centre of downtown Vancouver. It was a six bedroom house with three living-rooms; five of us could easily afford to split the rent, even with our minimal salaries. It was one of only a few houses left in the downtown area at the time; all of those houses had been ripped down the last time I was in Vancouver.

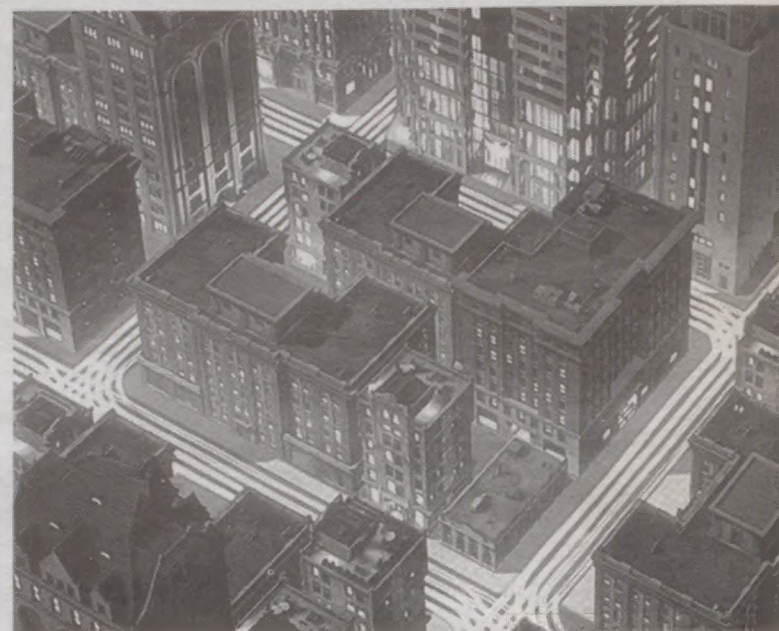
To give you a clear indication of the comings and goings of the area: on an otherwise quiet evening, a truck pulled up in front of the house with a man in a tutu sitting in birdcage in the truck bed. We did not have to ask, but the driver told us the "tutu bird" was getting married the next morning. The driver had driven through the gates of the Molson brewery and

taken the stacks of beer on the loading bay nearest the entrance he had vandalized with his truck. He said he would give us ten flats of beer if we didn't phone the police on him for the various reasons stated so far. We thought that having a guy in a tutu in a cage in front of our house was pretty hilarious and phoned friends in the area to have a look; so having something so funny chased away was simply not on the menu. The driver took off for about an hour and we took the hallucinatory state of Mr. Tutu as a sacred responsibility, feeding him beer and snacks at his whim. I don't know if he made it to his wedding, but I think we aided him in adding a surreal quality to his life for all his years to come.

Aside from some of the private security patrolled high-rises near the business district, the downtown was not considered a residential area, so was deemed a perfectly reasonable place to contain the prostitute population. At first, this worried me due to the people their trade would attract, but the johns were generally far too drunk to make any sort of trouble.

We soon discovered that prostitutes like to be treated decently, like anyone else. This did not really come as a surprise, of course, but we did not know how to approach the girls conducting business right in front of our house, so we decided to make the first move.

After a few initial conversations explaining that we did not want to solicit their usual services, rather we just wanted to get to know our neighbours; the working girls were joining us on the porch for morning coffee and told us they enjoyed having non-sexual, "normal" conversations with us. We had a small front yard,



good for little but keeping our lilies and marigolds ten feet away from the pedestrian traffic. We acquired a ping-pong table and instead of putting it in the back where it would be safe; we put it on the small strip of grass right on Richards street. The girls agreed to an honour system of keeping the balls and paddles safely away from the drunks spilling out of the local clubs.

Occasionally, we would have drunks that found themselves far too messed-up to successfully squeeze into a taxi, on one of our summer couches on the front porch. The girls, who were quite accustomed to being roused by the local constabulary, did some regular policing of their own when it came to keeping drunk idiots off of our furniture. Very few drunks dared argue with the working girls, known to be armed with mace and very sharp tongues. The girls would play ping-pong during slower periods and we were always challenged to play the winner. Getting thoroughly beaten at ping pong by someone wearing six inch heels on grass is quite a humbling experience, believe me. The point of this story is not that prosti-

tutes are a lot of fun if you get to know them, rather that sometimes you have to take initiative to make your community the place you want it to be.

Not everyone has working girls in their front yard, at least not literally, but everyone has challenges that they can face to make their environment a better place to raise their children. Some people have neighbours that you would not want to approach under any circumstance, like crack dealers and violent jerks who make their families suffer for their shortcomings in life.

Some neighbourhoods have so many problems that it takes more than a plateful of cookies from the Welcome Wagon to make everything alright; but there is always something that can be done to make your community healthier.

In this issue, we are looking at things that effect your physical, mental and community health and the people and agencies that are doing their damndest to make every neighbourhood a good place to live.

-Warren Bjarnason

USUAL SUSPECTS:

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Soothsayer Sandy (Pg. 18)

Crossword (Pg. 19)

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Politics & Social Issues

Poetry, Prose & the Arts

News on Vendors

Monthly Horoscope

Brain Cramping

< Oct. features >

Dear Our Voice:

On the corner of 101 Street and Jasper Avenue just outside of the Commerce Bank is a vendor. His name is Allan. Once a month for the last four years I have been welcomed by Allan's warm smile and friendly hello. Over the course of these four years our hellos have progressed to conversations and introductions. I am always amazed by his smile, no matter what the weather, what the temperament of the people passing by he greets one and all with a cheerful hello and wishes them a good day. There are few constants in my life, my son, my friends and picking up an "Our Voice" from Allan is one of them.

I don't know if he is huggable but I do know he is one of the nicest people I have ever had the honour of meeting.

- Penelope Beardsley

Adopt a Vendor!

Our vendors are the most huggable people in the known universe. Prove us wrong people; prove us wrong!

Tell us why your vendor is all that and a bag of chips and win some Our Voice loot!

Send your submission to Warren:

wbjarnason@bissellcentre.org

— or —

Our Voice
c/o Bissell Centre
10257-96 Street.
Edmonton, Alberta,
T5H 2H6



HEALTHY **H**

A **healthy** man is content with a woman. An erotic man is content with a stocking to get to a woman. A sick man is content with the stocking.

KARL KRAUS

What does a Healthy Community Look Like?



Kelly Abercrombie—wine consultant

A community that places people first. In order to be civilized, time, resources, and compassion must be directed toward the most vulnerable members of society.



Evelyn Visser—farmer

A community needs a sharing atmosphere, and people need to be accepting of one another and nonjudgmental. Always it needs a spirit of co-operation, with a selfless attitude. Members of the community should be able to depend on one another.



Jessie Salier—Project Coordinator

The community is a safe place where everyone has access to supports meaning an environment where everyone has access to affordable housing, nutritious food, and education as well as knowledge and access to resources the community should offer.



Jayson Thompson—retired

Where people look after each other's wellbeing. Its clean. People pick up garbage on the streets and don't litter. Converse with neighbour so you're not a stranger to each other. Be active in municipal, provincial, and federal elections. Be observant of any criminal activity (drugs, prostitution, drug houses, and property crimes) and to make sure that they get reported.



Pat Gagne —retired

A good cross-section of various ages and nationalities from the young families, students, middle-aged, and retired. They add spice to the community living, than some that are too sterile.



Dustin Harvey -- waiter

A healthy community is one that works together for a common goal to provide social services to the less fortunate, involves global thinking that includes everyone from all walks of life.

What does a Healthy Community Look Like?

- Embedded Journalist
Kevin Fox reports from Kabul

THE VERDICT

T TOMORROW

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow
Creeps in this petty pace
from day to day
To the last syllable of
recorded time,
And all our yesterdays
have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



On Film:

*Sky Captain and
the World of Tomorrow*

Even though the manifest philosophy of North America is that human fulfillment is a matter of strategic clicks on eBay, human beings are helplessly spiritual and seek transcendence. Hollywood's workshop shrewdly resides on the crossroads of compulsive materialism and frustrated spirituality. *Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow* reads like a personal ad in *Movieland*: Visually Stunning Vehicle seeks Meaningful Filmic Experience, object: lucrative marriage with many commercial offspring. Similar to the odds of you meeting "The Real Thing" on Lavalife, *Sky Captain* is vapid fantasy girded by uncertain aspirations - you want to love it, but that has more to do with you than it. And, like so many infatuations fueled by the fantasy merchants, it is beautiful and intriguing but you can't remember a bloody word it said and your heart still itches with hunger.

In a complicated tale of surreal derring do, Jude Law (Joe Sullivan, a.k.a. *Sky Captain*) flies out from his secret do-gooder island in response to downtown Manhattan being invaded by giant robots (that visual aspect of the movie is well worth lauding - the giant robots that is, not whitebread Jude Law). Gwyneth Paltrow is Polly Perkins, hard-nosed but very feminine ace reporter.

Ms. Clair used to run magazine ads that read "She Conked Out But Her Hair Held Up", well that's Gwyneth here. Her lines are insipid and her acting as inspired as the blue screen she's looking at (the entire background throughout this \$70 million movie is CGI) but WHAT HAIR!! It has an ineffable sun-spun luminosity that only magic pixel dust can bring and makes Barbie's hair seem dull. Polly is determined to scoop what these giant robots are up to and to find out who made them tick. A repeated plot enhancer is that Polly keeps dropping her beloved camera; I believe its purpose is to demonstrate her journalistic fervor and have some shriekingly close calls but it gets pretty annoying. Polly and Joe have a romantic past and bicker flirtatiously throughout the movie. The damn thing is he cheated on her (he finally admits it) with Capt. Francesca "Franky" Cook (Angelina Jolie). Franky commands a sky army base, a huge battle ship in the clouds. She's a cool Brit with an eye patch and a love of danger, how could *Sky Captain* help himself? It looks as if Angelina Jolie has synthetically plumped her already very plump lips - if she's not careful, she'll develop a speech impediment, oh well. Anywho, like many of the *Deus ex Machina* popping in during the movie, she provides some strategic derring do of her own and, well, what else can be said? There's a lot of illogical snakes and ladders in the storyline, you sort of give up on cohesion after awhile and just watch the pretty pictures.

It's hard not to be mesmerized at first by *Sky Captain's* dreamy atmosphere (Lord,

they had the Hindenberg floating opulently over Manhattan) because you've been in this land before but you can't place the echo. Dr. Oliver Sacks often speaks of humans "borrowing" the energy of other creatures and objects; it appears that Kerry Conran (writer and director in his film debut) wanted to borrow the spirit and humanity of 1940's films - everything new is old again. I felt an initial "rah! rah!" because I was being warmed by an homage to a sweeter time but it kept occurring to me that this movie would be better suited to my 10-year-old nephew, I just don't have the patience for it. Looks aren't everything (although men sometimes dummy up into a trance of speculation when this is stated) and all this movie has going for it is looks and no soul. Well, enough words - I need to leave lots of space for Pieter to put up some pretty pictures.

How a writer/director managed to get such star power as Gwyneth Paltrow, Angelina Jolie and Jude Law in his first movie would be an interesting documentary in itself. This movie took 6 years to make and how time passes - the producers, Jude Law and Sadie Frost, once married with three children, have split and Ms. Paltrow has wed and had a famously named baby, Apple. The plasticity of time doesn't stop there though; the arch villain, Dr. Totenkopf, is played by pictures of holograms of the late Sir Laurence Olivier - what cheek!

- Keyna Laurence



*Let your
voice be
heard!*

Would you like to
tell your story to
Edmonton?

Are there things
that happened to
you that
you think
affect others as
well?

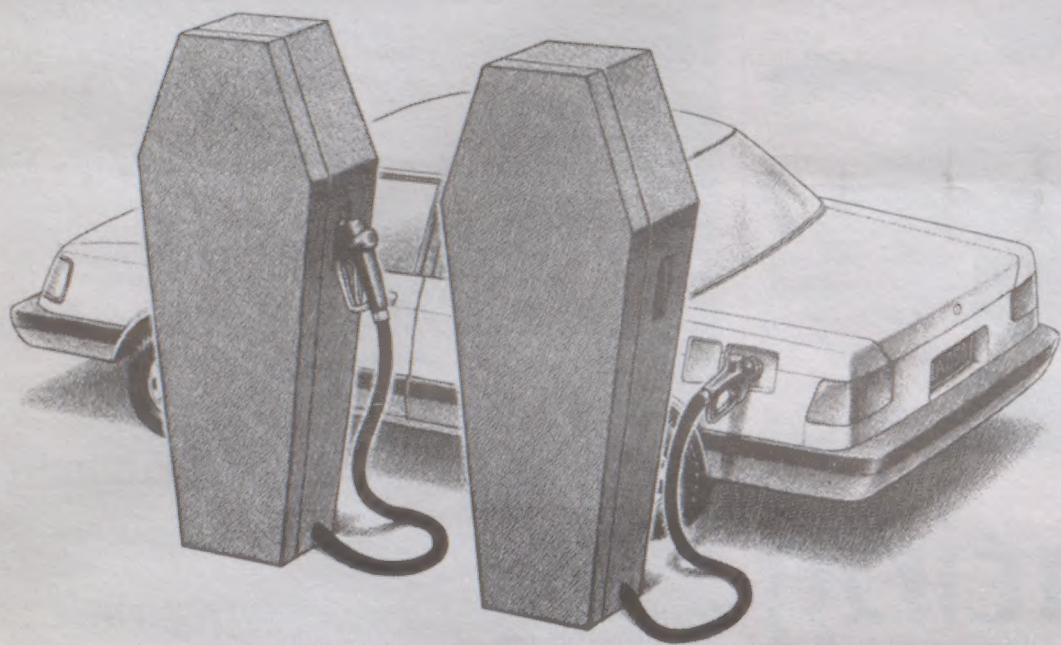
Should other
people know
what's going on?

Send your story to

wbjarnason@bissellcentre.org

or come see the
Our Voice
editor at the
Bissell Centre,
10527 - 96th
Street.

THE RHUBARB



Thoughts about Consumerism

Back when I was a youngster (and dinosaurs ruled the earth) we could see that Henry Ford's new fangled idea of an assembly line was a smashing success, it had just helped us win a major world war. And we knew that those clever Japanese were proceeding apace with technology that would soon roboticize those assembly lines. There were rumors that once they got TV working in color we might have to pay for shows that came through a cable instead of for free through the air, but there would be more than one channel and more than a few hours of programming in the evening. We knew with the approaching technological age many fewer people would have to work at resource gathering and manufacturing; big smart machines guided by relatively few people would produce a wealth of consumer goods. With machines doing most of the work we anticipated an age of leisure in which people would invest their time in the arts, relationships, sports and healthy relaxed lifestyles. In those days many of our teachers would ask us to write essays describing the plans we had for using the many non-working hours that would be at our disposal twenty years down the road.

Well it's thirty years down the road now and those non-working hours are a lot scarcer than when I was a kid. Other things have changed also, and not for the better. In my neighborhood, which is mostly older three story walkups there are vacancy signs on every building for blocks around.

Students, particularly Asians, who used to fill these apartments every fall, did not come this year. Perhaps the area has slid over that fine line between risky and dangerous or perhaps with rising tuition costs more students are electing to stay in their parent's home while they go to school.

There are tribes of homeless people prowling the alleyways with convoys of shopping carts, gleaning the dumpsters for plastic bottles and anything else that still may have some usefulness. I talked to a guy named Tim. He told me there were three groups working my immediate neighborhood. They all have hidden camps on the riverbank. They do not go near homeless shelters until they absolutely have to. People get beaten up and robbed in those. He said he had camped out last year until the temperature had gone down to minus thirty. Up on the main drag hookers prowl the street till all hours of the night. The Shell convenience store at the end of my block locks its doors at dusk-if you want to buy something you have to buzz to get in. There are crack dealers all over the neighborhood, there was even one in my building for a while. Further down the drag there is a little strip mall where the dealers are so openly violent that even street people avoid the place. That relaxed, humane and creative civilization we imagined would come to pass has instead become something very dark and hurtful.

Many of the things we envisioned happening thirty years ago did come to pass.

Assembly lines have been roboticised the way we expected and the flood of consumer goods did gush forth. Big machines with one operator do the work of twenty men. Whole service industries have disappeared, replaced by handy gadgets like multi function phones, calculators, ATM machines and internet connections that allow individuals to do themselves what they used to require the services of a multitude of office personnel to do for them. Machinery has made many of our daily chores and duties much easier than ever before in the history of the world, but our lives are getting more difficult all the time. Some people just cannot make the cut, they are going back to the Stone Age and learning to live on the riverbank in minus thirty-degree weather rather than deal with any of it. We did not expect that.

The thing that our teachers and we students did not foresee was that if only one person was operating the machine, only one person would be paid and only one person would have access to the goods being produced. If that one person were producing more goods than that one person could use or pay for, this would make the exercise rather pointless. Such a simple thing to overlook. In our youthful optimism we assumed that there would be some system in place that would distribute goods and services to all whether they produced them or not. We were not really encouraged to think too much about how to design a system that would do this equitably, democra-

cy and capitalism were as sacrosanct back then as they are now. So now there are too many apartments for those who drive the machinery of our civilization and river valley campsites and dumpster supermarkets for those who don't. Capitalism has turned out to be a not a very effective system for distributing resources. In retrospect I can see why Communism was such a boogieman back then. With the wealth of resources to distribute, if we had the right system in place we could pay women to be good mothers, we could pay philosophers to sit in the sun and ponder the human condition, we could pay artists to create. Capitalism does not value stuff that cannot be measured so it had to devise another way of quantifying value.

The marketplace's solution to this is to encourage debt. All those huge box stores and shopping malls with goods to sell do not own them yet. They all acquire goods from suppliers on 60-day notes and hope to sell the goods and pay staffing costs by the time these endlessly revolving debts come due. We all pay the service charges on these debts in the price of goods. Consumer credit suppliers leverage their accounts receivable to get more credit for themselves to lend more money to people who have no money yet to buy more goods from stores that have not paid their own suppliers yet. Consumers live in dwellings for which the developers and builders have not been paid yet. They drive vehicles for which the manufacturer has not been paid yet. On almost every transaction we make, whether we use credit for the purchase ourselves or not, there is a debt service charge.

Debt rules our lives. Those who want to operate the machinery of our civilization, have to pay for an education, which essentially mortgages their future earnings for the next thirty years. Service sector jobs for those who do not want to do this are lower paid relative to the cost of living than any time since the 1900's. Replacing full time jobs with multiple shifts of temp positions has lost benefits hard won by unions. Thirty years ago we felt that the world could only get better if machinery could take the drudgery out of our lives and leave us time to explore the higher dimensions of human intellect and creativity. Machines are doing a lot of work but there is still no leisure society. We have replaced the drudgery of work to produce food clothing and shelter with the drudgery of servicing debts.

Something to think about the next time your visa bill comes in. If you do not pay this bill, will any less sunlight reach the earth from the sun? Will there be any less water in the ocean? Will the grass stop growing? Will the world stop revolving around the sun if the bubble bursts and corporations have to relinquish the windfall profit every interest charge along the line adds to the cost of the goods and services we buy and just be satisfied to earn the cost of production and a reasonable profit? Will the last trump sound if those apartment owners on my block have to reduce their rent to something those people living on the riverbank can afford to pay from what they can make with their recycling activities? Something else to think about: how many people do you think it would take refusing to pay their visa bills to implode the whole bubble? Now that would be one hell of a consumer action!

- Theresa McBryan

CONSUMERISM C

Parents have railed against shelters near schools, but no one has made any connection between the crazed consumerism of our kids and their elders' cold unconcern toward others. Maybe the homeless are not the only ones who need to spend time in these places to thaw out.

ANNA QUINDLEN

THE RHUBARB



I INTOXICATE

Wine does not **intoxicate** people—they do it themselves; beauty does not lead men astray—they lead themselves astray.

CHINESE PROVERB

Intoxicating Spirit

All it took was eleven seconds to ruin a boy's life-long dream and turn it into a nightmare. Travis Roy, only twenty at the time, was a college hockey player and a Boston University freshman. His ultimate dream in life was to be a hockey player. In his first game on October 20 of 1995 as a freshman he charged at his opponent, attempted a body check, only to end up knocking himself into the boards causing him to collapse onto the ice. Lying on the ice completely still, unable to move, he knew that his dreams of playing hockey were shattered.

In the hospital, a diagnosis yielded the result that he had a broken his fourth cervical vertebra, which would leave him paralyzed from the neck down. He was thus bedridden in the hospital for months, and confined to a wheelchair the only movement being restricted movements of his right bicep, only sufficient enough for his wrist to move the joystick on his chair which controlled the chair's movement. He would be confined to that chair for life never to walk again.

That game may have caused the death of his one dream, but a new rebirth of hope fed by his courage, determination, and love from family, Coach Jack Parker, and his girlfriend Maija was inspired. The intoxicating spirit and urge to move on and live a new life coming from this extraordinary man never wavered. When his struggle became national news, the entire country, touched by his perseverance, became his fan club.

Touching the hearts of millions, Travis Roy soon established the Travis Roy Foundation which is dedicated to the research and one-on-one assistance for spinal injury cases. Today over one million dollars in individual grants and to research projects and rehabilitation institutions have been distributed across North America. He remains a strong and articulate spokesper-

son for quadriplegics and other spinal cord injury survivors.

Travis Roy's story is one of triumph, of being able to defy all odds. It is one of the springing of a new birth of dedication towards helping others after a devastating injury took away a dream that could never be fulfilled. His story proves that the human spirit is unconquerable and that life's capabilities have no limits.

-Siddika Hirji

Organ Donation: A Big Concern

The war in Iraq and the conflicts in the Middle East have attracted the media and have stolen our attention. This leaves domestic issues that need our consideration neglected. One such issue of big concern is that of organ donation. Though Canada has one of the best transplant teams in the world, it has one of the worst rates of organ donation. Over 3,700 people in Canada await organ transplants, and thousands of others await tissue transplants such as marrow and cornea. Nearly 150 people each year in Canada alone are dying upon waiting for a transplant. This is due to the organ and tissue donation issue being neglected. Polls say that ninety percent of Canadians are supporting organ donation, but having one of the lowest rates of organ donation, only twelve per million donate, as opposed to thirty-eight per million in countries such as the United States of America. It all adds up to organ donation being up to us. It is our decision and if we act now, we may save a life.

-Siddika Hirji

Tests of endurance!

I was shocked but yet not surprised with the conditions people in low incomes still exist.

Dee:

Dee, a fifty year old single lady on social assistance receives only \$587 monthly for all her expenses. Her rent is \$525 a month, so she has to have someone living with her to enable her to pay the rent and groceries. She also is faced with type two diabetes and arthritis in her hips, knees and back. She can't keep her blood sugar under control and can't often afford the foods like fresh fruits and vegetables; the foods that diabetics need. She should be eating products that keep her blood sugar level. This causes some concerns with her conditions. With not much money, she is unable to have in between meal snacks, which diabetics are supposed to have. These conditions I find intolerable. Her physical health and mental health both suffer

Gail:

Gail, a fifty six year old lady, worked for a small company who paid minimum wages. She found it hard to live as her rent was more than half her wage. She had applied for low income housing but she had to wait until something came available. Some months ago, she was told her company was downsizing and they were terminating her. Without many benefits, she had to ask for assistance. She had never been in the situation where she had to apply for assistance. The stress of trying to exist on very low wages and then applying for social assistance created some health issues. Not eating properly for years, she had high blood pressure and also suffered from depression.

Peter:

Peter a visually impaired gentleman receives AISH, but also finds it difficult to eat properly. His AISH is \$855 a month. He has high blood pressure and has said (near the time he receives his next cheque), he feels like giving up. He has indicated different times that he has a hard time eating properly. He says he feels very stressed at time, this affects his health, as stress does to so many people living under hard circumstances.

Brian:

Brian, another gentleman on AISH, says he at times can't afford to purchase fresh fruit and vegetables which he knows he should be eating. Faced with high blood pressure, he tries to alleviate his situation by helping others. He assists clients at the CNIB which gives him some pleasure. I am sure he also faces various health issues. He lives in a unit which greatly assists him. I would really like something to be done to assist people in the lower income bracket.

Thanks to the Bissell Centre and other helping agencies, there is some assistance out there.

-Marie Joki

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THE RHUBARB



Art by Hangwoon Lee

Art Attack!

You might think the heart of Edmonton is Whyte Avenue, but that is not necessarily true. The heart of Edmonton lies where the art lives. The perfect example of this is two shows that took place in the 'Arts district'. But this art wasn't in the official arts district; these two venues were off the beaten track, not in the EAG or any official gallery space. They were in the off-beat areas of the city (the new arts district so to speak) one in the funky Red Strap market on 97th St., the other in the Stanley Milner Library.

I asked artists Hangwoon Lee (library) and Alexis Larbarda (Red Strap) about the reasons they create their work and how art influences their lives.

Why do you create art?

Alexis: I like to create a dialogue between the viewer and what they are looking at. When they are being challenged by my work, it's rewarding for me because I've caught their attention and hopefully captured their imagination. It's very liberating for me when my brush hits canvas.

Hangwoon: After graduating from university in Korea, I had worked for 14 years as an electronic engineer. My duty was to design and to develop industrial electronic systems. Although it was relatively easy to make money, I felt a big emptiness in my life. Even though I was creating something, they were lifeless and transient. I have believed in spirituality and the existence of Jesus, so I

asked to myself what the great spirituality wants of me at the time. I am sure great spirituality comes from nature like forest, river, and mountains.

How does having a show make you feel?

Hangwoon: The art show is the most important medium for communication between the public and an artist, so I feel happy not by representing my works to people, but from establishing the link. This is my first show in my life, and I am so excited and feel very lucky though the place is humble. The gallery which I am having my show is more open to the public. I like those points because art should be against any barrier. I hope many people appreciate my paintings because most paintings of me are from their neighbour and natural environment.

Alexis: Overall I was quite pleased how it turned out. I think the opening had somewhat of a New York-style vibe to it. Red Strap boasts a large upper floor space with wooden floors. Plus, my DJ's Gundam and Bioniklore playing added to the atmosphere.

How has your art evolved?

Alexis: I've only started painting for about a year and a half but have been drawing all my life so the painting aspect has evolved rapidly. It's as if all my creative energies have been pent up for so long and I've finally

found the medium (painting) that expresses my ideas. Compared to my first year in painting, being aggressive, threatened and very competitive, I'm a lot happier and relaxed these days.

Hangwoon: Initially, I wanted to be a realist because realism represents our reality and stimulates our imagination-- realistic imagination, as we can assume their difficulty or destitution when we see Courbet's *The Stonebreaker* or Van Gogh's *The Potato Eaters*. And before entering the school for painting, I admired the photo-realistic painting trick and Dutch landscape artists, and imitated their style. However the school changed me regardless of my preference. They made me know about abstract, post-modern, kitsch and art as commodity. They basically made me hate art and distrust art. Fortunately, a few instructors encouraged me to continue painting as spiritual value. So I have tried beyond the realistic idea to be more creative and free from any fixed idea.

*What is your inspiration?
Which artists influence you?*

Alexis: I pay close attention to the little obscurities within pop-culture and these ideas pop up in my work. Influences include graffiti writer Dabs-1, printmaker Sean Caulfield and graphic designer Vernon Courtland Johnson.

Hangwoon: Probably I am one of very ordinary artists or people. Like other people, I liked and respected Vincent Van Gogh. Because he is rather sympathetic--like Jesus, I couldn't reject his ideal simply. As you know, he dreamed a perfect world which there is no more sadness, loneliness, and poverty. Maybe I love his life and philosophy more than his works. I love his bold outline, tangible texture, and strong colours.

What are you going to work on next?

Alexis: A short series called: "Animals Are Better Than Us." A tribute to my favourite animals from childhood. These will be seen at the 2nd Annual Colour-blind Silent Auction Art Show on Sept 25, 8-11PM. Some proceeds go to Youth Emergency Shelter.

Hangwoon: Recently, I have had a chance to work for an organic farm near Edmonton. The farmer, Mr. Vriend, gave much inspiration on a correct human life. He lives between nature and human society, an artificial world. He has worked for the harmony between two different worlds, like his farming to use machines to provide affordable organic vegetables. I like his idea on farming and education--he was a teacher for elementary school. So I have a plan to paint him with his organic farm as backdrop.

So go out and discover art in the unknown places. Art is where you perceive it not in the official district lines made by some abstract city art planner.

-Philip Jagger

Hunting Bountiful

Ending half a century of exploitation

They like to think they do a good job protecting women's rights and fighting paedophilia. Canadians would not be so smug if they knew of the dirty little secret in the Creston Valley, in south-eastern British Columbia. For half a century, a hotbed of polygamy has quietly flourished there in a commune called Bountiful. It is run by a break-away sect of the Mormon Church, in successful defiance of the law.

Bountiful is no secret to local people, some of whom enjoy its business. Nor is it to the province's police and social workers. It is known to British Columbia's top law-enforcement officer, the attorney-general. His office was first made aware of concerns about Bountiful more than a decade ago. But the provincial government has felt constrained by an untested legal opinion that Canada's law banning polygamy was unconstitutional.

Bountiful claims allegiance to the Fundamentalist Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Based in Utah, this dissenting Mormon sect teaches that men must have three or more wives and as many children as possible to enter heaven. The role of women and girls is to serve men. If women disobey men, their souls will burn in hell for eternity.

The commune was quietly set up in 1947, after a few men excommunicated by the mainstream Mormon Church in Utah (which banned polygamy in 1890) moved north. Today the 1,000-odd residents are almost all the progeny of half-a-dozen men. The place is dominated by the "bishop", James Oler, and by his deposed predecessor, Winston Blackmore, who now heads a splinter group.

Both groups run schools. These receive grants from the provincial government totalling more than C\$600,000 (\$450,000) a year. Yet critics say they provide minimal education, preparing boys only to work on Bountiful's farms and forests and girls to be "young brides and mothers". Women who have fled tell of girls as young as 13 being married off to polygamous men three times their age; of babies born to girls of 14 and 15; and of underage girls being brought in from similar American communes for arranged marriages and to serve as "breeding stock".

"A grotesque and blatant infringement of human rights," says Jancis Andrews, a women's-rights advocate. Geoff Plant, the attorney-general has plainly been embarrassed by years of criticism of his inaction. His inertia stems from a case in 1992 when police recommended that two Bountiful men be charged with polygamy. But the crown attorney's office declined to do so, following legal advice that conviction was impossible because the guarantee of religious freedom in Canada's Charter of Rights and Freedoms renders the law against polygamy unconstitutional.

That opinion is disputed. The federal justice ministry believes the law to be constitutionally sound, and has offered to throw its weight behind any prosecution. Now it may have a chance to do so. In May, nine women fugitives from Bountiful filed a complaint with Mr Plant's office alleging polygamy and sexual abuse of girls as young as 13. Mr Plant says that he has "indicated" to the police that "the existence of a constitutional opinion on the enforceability of [the law on polygamy] is not a reason for the entire public criminal-justice system to sit on its hands." The police are now at work. The hunters of Bountiful's dubious practices are closing in.

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INBREEDING

Seems fairly clear that you fix a breed by LIMITING the amount of alien infiltration. You make a race by homogeneity and by avoiding inbreeding.... No argument has ever been sprouted against it. You like it in dogs and horses.

EZRA POUND

SCUTTLEBUTT

F FEMINISM

Feminism, like Boston, is a state of mind. It is the state of mind of women who realize that their whole position in the social order is antiquated, as a woman cooking over an open fire with heavy iron pots would know that her entire housekeeping was out of date.

RHETA CHILDE DORR



The Evolution of Feminism

Feminism for me has been an evolving idea. In school it was a bad thing to be a 'feminist'. They were women who had abortions, who loved other women and who were, basically, man-hating bitches. Later in High School and early in University, I think I might have become one of those man-hating bitches. But after a few courses on the theory, and a bit more reading and dedication to understanding feminism, I have come to understand that without it, I would be nowhere as a woman. The feminism that I owe the ability to attend educational institutions and play sports is about equality between men and women, and equality among people with other differences, including race, religion, and sexual preference. Because that is what feminism means to me: tolerance and equality—a demand for both.

I interviewed members of my family to find out how other women feel about feminism, either directly or indirectly. I interviewed my grandmother and aunt from my mother's side, and my older sister.

My grandmother only finished grade two. Early in the 20th century, a farmer's priority was not putting his youngest daughter through school. It was to harvest the farm, which coincided with the beginning of the school term. The boys were allowed to continue a little bit further.

Even still, my grandma speaks proudly of how well she did in school: "The teacher even came by our house to ask why I wasn't going to continue." But her parents would not budge. They needed her help on the farm to support the family.

My grandma had a laborious childhood. I ask her what type of work she used to do as a child: "Well, we would spend two days at our farm to pick and harvest. When we arrived home from the farm the girls would all cook dinner or sew or clean. We would sell the food

we harvested, and return back to the farm after a few days to do the same cycle over again."

I ask her if the boys helped with those chores too. No they didn't, she says, they were outside playing.

"Didn't you think it was unfair that you had to do work at home in addition to all the work you did on the farm?"

Her answer is logical: "When you don't see anything else, you don't know that it should be any different."

My mother's sister has just had her first baby. She is in the middle of her maternity leave from a permanent teaching position, but she is not planning to return to teach after the year is up. "I want to stay home and be with my son," she explains. And feminism, as she sees it, has done nothing for her desires as a mother. She feels that it has created a world within which it is more important to be a working member of society, rather than a mom.

Her view of feminists are the man-hating bitches. But, I remind her that feminism has evolved. Its goal is to create and maintain equality between the sexes.

She says it doesn't matter, she still receives the same question from most people she talks to. She tells me: "People don't ask me if I am going back to work—they ask me when."

My sister, a master of social work student, had a great deal to say when I asked her about feminism. "Feminism means equality. It means women's work being valued as much as men's."

I ask her if feminism is done—if we no longer need it because its goals have been reached. She says that talk of the need for feminism to be done comes from women who are discovering difficulties of being both a mother and a contributing part of the community. My sister's argument is layered with ideas about equality between genders and the roles that are carried with each gender.

"Women and men still aren't equal, and women's roles are still not given equal credit." She sites the make-up of our government as an example. The vast majority of representatives in each our federal, provincial, and municipal governments are men. Her position is clear: "How can there be equality when the ones making the decisions are men?"

And weeks after I have written this article, I still have not come to a very grand conclusion about this issue. I do not think feminism is done yet. I think the way my aunt feels is sufficient evidence for that. The way my grandmother thinks tells me, though, that at least we have made progress. My sister's thoughts ring true to me, too, and I feel we still have a great deal of work to do. I feel that we, both men and women, will be very tired by the time we are through this last big push to the finish.

- Gina Gariano

We don't hold back our opinions, why should you? If you would like to respond to something written in *Our Voice* or you simply think that Edmonton has gone long enough without hearing your views, send your comments to:

wbjarnason@bissellcentre.org

— or —

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SCUTTLEBUTT



MY TOUR IN RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL

The September 2000 edition of Indian Life News carried the theme, 'Residential Schools-Legacy of Pain'. It seemed that every article told a different 10% of my personal story. The editors asked me to submit my story for possible publication.

That they published right at the time of the World Trade Centre attacks is significant for me because the devastation of the WCC

is a graphic picture of the damage suffered by those who undergo incest, sexual abuse or malicious childhood abandonment.

It has taken me a vibrant relationship with Risen Christ Jesus, to methodically remove the burned emotional, spiritual and physical rubble from the broken walls of my senses of personhood, inner purity, and of worthiness that were stolen from me as a youngster.

Recent developments

In year 2002, I found myself functioning as a 'special duty security officer' because I was unable to practice my beloved bedside nursing profession due to debilitating work-related injuries to my wrists. This job entailed preventing delirious or confused patients from tearing intravenous lines from their bodies, and from falls from bed.

One assignment placed me in a 'Childs' Psychiatric Unit, on a suicide watch. Early in my shift, a young lad stood at the nursing station, weeping, asking, "Mom, how long will I be here? When will you come get me?"

These children were safer than I was

Hearing this boy's tearful wail reminded me of when my own mother placed me into what was supposed to be a 'safe' residential school, barely a week after my father had been buried. I felt abandoned by mother. This was the third time in my short six years of life.

For months, I stared through the wide orphanage windows for a glimpse of my mother. I ran to the huge front doors, but she never came. She never phoned. She never wrote. For four years I agonized for her.

No safe place for me

My younger brother and I were separated into different dormitories. He has never told me much of what he endured during his stay. Barely a week passed after admission, when several older boys in my dorm launched the first vicious rape on me by someone not in my own family. They would not stop. They threatened to kill me or 'get my little brother'. I reported the attacks. Authorities refused to believe my reports.

Video Night

My present workshift came on one of the unit's special weekly evenings. The children gathered in semi-circles in front of a huge video screen, enthralled with old-time Disney cartoons. I recalled when thirty or more orphans gathered about the huge cabinet radio, also enthralled with the latest episodes of "The Lone Ranger and Tonto," "The Green Hornet," "Hopalong Cassidy," "The Cisco Kid and his sidekick Pancho." We giggled over the avalanche of stuff that tumbled from 'Fibber McGee's Closet' every time someone touched the doorknob. Finally, there was, "Only the Shadow Knows."

Rhubarb

My one friend in the orphanage was a huge moose of a mixed-breed stray dog who adopted us orphans. Often when I felt most alone, Rhubarb bathed my face and hands with his slippery, coarse tongue. His name came out of his numerous scrapes with skunks and porcupines as he determined to protect us, Rhubarb reminded me of me.

Escapes

We ran from the school several times each adventure taking us further afield, but police [who got to know us by name] would simply return us to that horror pit. On our last escape my two closest friends who were identical twins, drowned, one in an abandoned well just off the orphanage property boundary, the other in a fast flowing nearby river. Even though I could not have led the escapes, I took responsibility for their deaths into my heart.

Mom arrives

One young boy excitedly gathered his belongings, for his mother was coming to get him. His workers and some of the orphans he met on the unit hugged him and wept gladly for him, but bitterly wondering when their turn would come about.

I do not recall when mother came for me

After about four years mom did take us home to be with her, but I do not recall the specific episode. Residential school, although traumatic, was a small part of ongoing horrors with several abusive stepfathers who came into my life after my orphanage years.

Closure of painful years

This adventure in the children's unit became a special sign from the Lord God, showing significant healings of deep pains in my innermost being. It brought positive memories that I had stored beyond recall. It brought closure to many painful years.

Thank you for pondering my experiences.

-James M. Smithers

ASSIMILATION A

Like art and politics, gangsterism is a very important avenue of **assimilation** into society.

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SCUTTLE

M MAYOR

Prudent dullness marked him for a **mayor**.

CHARLES CHURCHILL



Sticking it to the Man

OV Grills the Mayoral Candidates

The following are responses to questions sent to all candidates in the Edmonton mayoral race by Our Voice writer, Dave Dutton Fraser.

1) *Edmonton has become one of the first cities in Edmonton to document a second generation of homeless people. What solutions do you bring to the table on this problem?*

Bill Smith: On January 15, 2002, City Council approved Building Together, The City of Edmonton Low-Income and Special Needs Housing Strategy 2001-2011. The Strategy defines the City's future role in meeting homeless and housing needs in Edmonton in a principles-based, community centred, and facilitative approach. This approach has been acknowledged/praised by the Honourable Claudette Bradshaw, Federal Minister responsible for the National Homelessness Initiative, for its commitment in mobilizing and engaging community stakeholders at all stages. One important stage has been in the development and approval of community-based plans to identify priority housing and support service needs through the Edmonton Joint Planning Committee on Housing (EJPCOH).

In addition to federal and Alberta government funding to address priority homeless needs in Edmonton, from 2000 to 2002 the City donated just over \$3.6 million to the Edmonton Housing Trust Fund (EHTF). The EHTF pooled all funds it received in this period from all orders of government and allocated most of those funds to projects and initiatives meeting priority homeless needs identified in EJPCOH-approved community plans. In the first three years of the National Homelessness Initiative, the EHTF approved funding of \$25.5 million towards the development of 1,121 units of emergency, transitional and long-term supportive housing that met these priority needs identified in these plans. Given the total estimated \$42 million cost of those projects and initiatives, a major outcome of this government (including City) funding has been a sig-

nificant leveraging of public dollars to generate funds from non-government sources.

With the growing recognition of the links between growing homelessness and increasing affordable housing needs in Edmonton, the City has committed another \$850,000 for allocation towards projects that meet affordable housing needs, including but not limited to projects that receive capital funding commitments under the Canada-Alberta Affordable Housing Partnerships Initiative (AHPI). This initiative came out of the Mayor's Task Force on Affordable Housing Report.

The City of Edmonton also contributes \$364,000 per year toward capital projects that provide housing for low income families and individuals through its LIHCAP (Low Income Housing Capital Assistance Program), as top up funding to assist reducing housing costs to tenants and potential owners.

The City's video "I Never Thought I'd be Homeless" which was finished in late 2003, is an awareness raising piece intended to highlight some real challenges being faced on homelessness. It uniquely highlights the "hidden homeless", those who are not seen on the street, but may be staying at friends or acquaintances until they can find a place to call home for their family. Even though 267 children were included in the last Edmonton homeless count (2002), because they are not "on the streets" these people are not included in the numbers.

Some examples of the range of project that have been supported by the City include:

- The Gravelle, a Handicapped Housing Society project that provides 76 barrier-free units;
- WINGS of Providence's new facility that increased their capacity to accommodate 20 women and their children (6 two-bedroom, and 14 three-bedroom suites) who can live in safety, free of abuse (an increase from 12 suites);
- The Edmonton Inner City Housing Society's project to create housing for 8 families.



WEBUTT

- Amisk who have offered a number of services for families as well as the provision of housing.

- The Pinot Brothers 78 multi-unit affordable rental housing project for low-income singles, couples and families (78 units).

- As a member of the Edmonton Joint Planning Committee on Housing, the City of Edmonton will be involved in the homeless count on October 19, 2004. The City, agencies, uses the information collected and other partners as a rough measure of the extent need for housing.

- The City also provides assessment and counselling services for people around this issue.

Stephen Mandel: One of the main things I would like to put forward is a meaningful solution to our growing affordable housing issue. Edmonton currently has an estimated need of 5,000 affordable units. I would like to use a small amount from our ED TEL reserve fund to pool with funds from other orders of government, and from the private sector to begin to tackle this urgent problem.

Tom Tomilson: My first issue and platform plank as your new Mayor of Edmonton is a Mayor's Task Force on Poverty.

Edmonton's Mayor and City Council can demand affordable housing funding be allocated by the Province and the Federal Govt. Additional funding for lifeskills for singles, families and singles with children are necessary. The Habitat for Humanity's example of housing for the working class is a Godsend for some but housing for the destitute and homeless needs to put into an apartment, a condo or a group home arrangement or a facility with a supervisor.

2) What innovative solutions do you have for controlling and dealing with inner-city crime and violence?

Bill Smith: Police officers often remark to me that if they could eliminate all of the crime related to drugs and alcohol, there

wouldn't be much left to do. On the supply side, organized crime operates in our city selling drugs - unnerving our entire community with appalling acts of violence. People who buy drugs, apart from destroying their own lives, also often resort to criminal activity to support their addictions. In 2000, there were 195 deaths in Edmonton due to alcohol and drug use.

My job as Mayor is to shine a light on the problem, bringing together experts and concerned citizens to find innovative and long-lasting solutions. That's why I struck a steering committee in December 2003 to advise me on the nature and extent of Edmonton's drug problem. The committee has met regularly over the past 8 months, arriving at a consensus that Edmonton needs a comprehensive coordinated community drug strategy that targets young ... with an emphasis on prevention, treatment, harm reduction and more effective enforcement.

I have acted on this advice by launching the development of Edmonton's Community Drug Strategy. The project is supported financially and/or in-kind by Health Canada, AADAC, Capital Health, Edmonton Police Service, the City of Edmonton and a number of corporate sponsors. It will involve input from hundreds of stakeholder groups and citizens and will be ready for implementation by September 2005. If a community is going to fight crime, it has to get to the heart of the problem. Drugs and alcohol are a big part of that problem.

Fighting crime also means doing a better job supporting and caring for youth who are at risk. It's well proven that when youth have the opportunity to participate in organized sports and recreation they are less likely to become involved in crime. My office, in conjunction with the Community Services Department has launched a study to determine the feasibility of a hockey program for children living in the inner city. Typically, children living in these neighbourhoods often lack the financial and parental support needed to participate in organized hockey. It is my hope that a pilot project involving 2-3 inner city schools will be ready to begin next winter.

Stephen Mandel: Our affordable housing policy will help people to live in a more reasonable environment, which is imperative and an important first step. Another immediate way to address this issue is through the reallocation of our police resources back into community-based policing. We also need police to come forward with a comprehensive plan for dealing with the unique problems of the inner city, one that involves agencies and organizations that do important service in the areas.

Tom Tomilson: Ignorance, child abuse, abandonment, substance abuse, delayed adolescence, fetal alcohol syndrome children and adults as well as victims of racial intolerance face a period of transition time for recovery. The handicapped and the elderly need a safe and clean haven and environment to live, play and to survive. Low or no income residents and transients panhandle or steal to feed themselves. Intimidation by the police with ridicule (not calling someone by their correct name) and brow beatings needs to stop.

The solution of spending to control crime and deal with inner-city violence is a problem within itself. Not enough minorities are being hired on the police force. To deal on the street as with foot patrols of bicycle policing for local issues involving drugs, alcohol and prostitution as well as violent acts. The support of police as well as crisis units needs the back up and support of the whole community. Action is paramount with the able-bodied (who are the eyes and ears) watchdogs.

A round table to address the issues before the problem is begun is the solution within a joint task force on inner-city crime.

Further with a reinforcement of self-confidence and self-awareness, One's self and sense of well being is directly affected by a shift into productivity.

An excellent advancement is offered by street sales. i.e. Our Voice! (Salesmanship)

From this source a better Quality of Life is at hand and is now available to those whom respond as opposed to the handouts of Alberta's Supports For Independence and those whom are unresponsive.

3) Can the city do more for people who donate to city charities (i.e., property and or business tax incentives.)?

Bill Smith: It's not totally clear what you mean by "city charities". Currently, Edmontonians who contribute to registered charities that operate in our city receive tax receipts. As well, anyone wanting to make a monetary donation to the City of Edmonton, say for the construction of a park, a facility or a road would be eligible to receive a tax deductible receipt from the City of Edmonton. It is impractical for the City of Edmonton to go beyond this level of support given the hundreds of different charities that exist in our city and the fact that many of them have little relationship to the mandate of a municipal government. They are often more closely related to provincial and federal government mandates and that is where the tax concessions should originate. Any tax concession we might wish to give to a citizen would have to be made up with higher taxes to others.

Stephen Mandel: People who donate to charities already receive tax incentives.

Tom Tomilson: The City needs to help classify City charities as a not-for-profit designation; a Corporation with a profit, loss and an overhead, (A simple business). Thus tax deductions, charitable receipts, heating exemptions and rebates may apply. G.S.T. rebates may also apply Federally.

4) The EDE has been criticized for its influence on city government. Do you think this is a fair assumption? Why or why not?

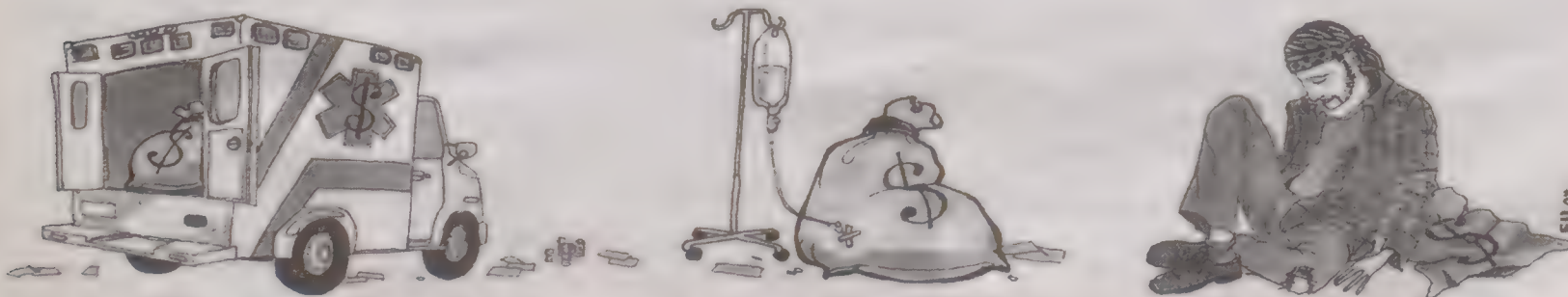
Bill Smith: If you were referring to Economic Development Edmonton (now Edmonton Economic Development Corporation), I would characterize the working relationship between City Council and EDE as being very positive and constructive. I can tell you unequivocally that EDE has not exercised undue influence on City Council during my terms as mayor.

Continued Page 13...

MAYOR M

If a large city can, after intense intellectual efforts, choose for its mayor a man who merely will not steal from it, we consider it a triumph of the suffrage.

FRANK MOORE COLBY



SCUTTLEBUTT

ILLITERACY

I'm beginning to believe that Killer **Illiteracy** ought to rank near heart disease and cancer as one of the leading causes of death among Americans. What you don't know can indeed hurt you, and so those who can neither read nor write lead miserable lives, like Richard Wright's character, Bigger Thomas, born dead with no past or future.

ISHMAEL REED



CHALLENGING ILLITERACY

This year, eleven groups, including the Edmonton Public Library, participated in the 10th Annual International Literacy Day on September 8th at Sacred Heart School. According to the IALS, one in three Albertans is lacking the literacy skills to meet the demands of everyday activity, and one in seven Albertan adults has trouble with even the most basic reading skills such as reading the correct dosage of medicine to give a child from the directions on a prescription bottle.

The participants in the literacy day celebration work with adult Albertans to help increase literacy. They include: the Edmonton John Howard Society, Edmonton Public Library, Fort Saskatchewan/Strathcona County Adult Literacy Project, the Language Assessment, Referral and Counselling Centre, The Learning Centre Literacy Association, Literacy Alberta, NorQuest College, Project Adult Literacy Society, The Canadian National Institute for the Blind, the Centre for Family Literacy, and the Edmonton Community Adult Learning Association.

The Edmonton John Howard School operates the Alternative Learning Program; a private accredited school that offers upgrading and personal

development classes. Students who plan to go onto further their education at college or university can challenge the diploma exams. Although the school is at John Howard, not all of the students are ex-cons. Anyone who wants to can attend. All necessary materials are provided and there is no charge to attend the program.

Brad Poitras, who just started school at John Howard, said he had a Grade 7 education, but he wants to get his grades up to go to Norquest College to become a social worker.

"I quit school due to drugs and alcohol. I pulled armed robberies to feed my addiction, and spent time in prison, but I haven't been back to the pen since '89," he said.

The John Howard School has an enrollment of about 50 students, some coming in the mornings, others come in the afternoon or evening. The school term runs in cycles of seven weeks with a one-week break. Any student who misses two weeks has to drop out until the next cycle.

While the main emphasis is on math skills and English, students also attend career-counseling sessions. One-on-one tutoring is available for students who require it.

"We felt that lack of education is a basis for crime," said Terri Sherwod, coordinator of the Alternative Learning Program at John Howard.

The Canadian National Institute for the Blind (CNIB) had a Braille typewriter on display. They help more than 6,000 blind, deafblind and visually impaired Albertans build skills through Braille instruction, library services, peer support counseling, rehabilitation and other services. They say, "Literacy is an eye to independence and successful employment."

Seventy percent of the blind are unemployed, but for those who read Braille, the unemployment rate is the same as the national average.

Eighty per cent of seniors are functioning at the lowest levels of literacy. Of seniors, 60% never finished high school. 37% have less than Grade 9 and only 8% have a university degree.

Senior Gui Zhi Ma, a Chinese immigrant and life-long learner, shared her story though a translator. As a child in China she did not have the opportunity to go to school, so she taught herself to read and write in Chinese. Now in Canada, she realizes the need to learn to read and write English, and is attending ESL classes.

For immigrants and refugees, the Language Assessment Referral and Counselling Centre (LARCC) offers an assessment of language skills, an evaluation of the learning needs and information about English language and other training programs. After the assessment process, clients are referred to the community programs of their choice.

Due to lack of literacy, many immigrant workers are employed at menial jobs rather than in the professional capacities in which they have training in their land of origin. Overall, the employment rate for people at the lowest literacy rate is 26% as opposed to 4% at the highest level of literacy. People with literacy problems earn 2/3 the income of other adults.

Poverty also affects literacy. Children from poor families are more likely to be placed in classes where less is expected of them and less is offered. Their parents may not have the information, confidence or skills to help them. Often, poor children drop out of high school or graduate without being fully literate.

Education influences literacy but is not the only factor. People who regularly practice their literacy skills through reading have a higher literacy level than well-educated people who do not practice their skills. The Edmonton Public Library, which had a display at the celebration, has branches all over the city from which 1,500,000 items are available for borrowing. People who show proof that they cannot afford the fee for a library card can have the fees waived.

-Linda Dumont

Statistics taken from the International Adult Literacy Survey

Let your voice be heard!

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Are there things that happened to you that you think affect others as well?

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or come see the

Our Voice

editor at the Bissell Centre, 10527 - 96th Street.

SCUTTLEBUTT

True Romance: Remand Style



Strolling past the Edmonton Remand Centre, people may notice other individuals writing on the sidewalk with chalk or paint or in winter, in the snow. It's hard not to notice these missives.

Once I saw a young man on the east side of 97th Street across from the centre sitting in the middle of letters about ten feet in length carved in the snow. The letters were "LUV U". He was there when I walked past at 10 am and he was still there when I walked back at 6 pm. Despite the sub-zero temperature, he had faithfully hung around outside just to let the recipient of his grand gesture know how serious he was. I found him and his actions sad, vainglorious and perhaps a trifle obsessive. A perfect symbol of love from the street.

The sidewalk to the north of the structure sees the most action for these street post letters. The messages run from short and sweet ("I LUV U BABY!!") to several missives in a row. A few of them even get raunchy ("SHOW ME YOURS HUN, AND I'LL SHOW YOU MINE"). Gang and street names tend to be used to avoid identification, most likely from the police ("BABY BOSS", "LUCKY 7"). Phone numbers have shown up though, and I suspect that this is from first time sidewalk posters. Giving your number out to an entire wing of a prison does not seem wise and I've been told from past "residents" that they all know at least one person who received unwanted calls.

Humour also seems to have a place. A

few times strolling past I have seen missives warning someone: "DON'T DROP THE SOAP" and "HOW WAS THE CAVITY SEARCH?"

One young lady I saw writing, in exchange for a cigarette, told me why she chose this method of communicate. "I got some (outstanding) warrants, so if I go see him, they'll (the authorities) grab me as well." She then went on to say that she was staying at friends (ie. she's homeless) and she can't tie up their cell phones (ie. her friends are most likely drug dealers). Such is the foundation for romance among the street-level criminal.

Of course it's not just messages of romance that colour the pavement. Gang messages and support for gang members inside from their street families are just as common ("BABY BOSS LUVS THE R.A. BOYS", "A.W. FOREVER"). The Redd Alert and the Alberta Warriors, undoubtedly a branch chapter of the Warriors from Winnipeg, are common enough and some show an increasing hostility between the two gangs ("F*** R.A."). A Remand Centre guard who asked not to be identified because he was speaking without union or superior consent put it this way, "Anyone in the press who doesn't believe how strong and dangerous the gang presence is inside should just come out and read our sidewalk."

- Dave Dutton Fraser

Grilling the Mayoral Candidates (Continued from Page 11)

Stephen Mandel: No, EEDC has no more influence than any other related agency. EEDC has an important role in promoting growth and opportunity in our City and I believe we can do a much more effective job of facilitating its role so it can have clear direction from City Council, and more success in securing opportunity for our City.

Tom Tomilson: Value-for-Edmontonian's tax dollars with the expense of EDE is necessary with a quarterly audit on the return on investment. EDE's focus on International business, trade and tourism is fair; But, at the cost to development and aid to small business in Edmonton. Business incentives for macro and micro-management have suffered.

5) One firm handles all the city's legal work. Should there be an open bid open to all firms for city contracts?

Bill Smith: I don't know where you got the idea that "one firm" handles all of the City's legal work. The fact is that the City of Edmonton operates a Law Branch that handles more than 90% of the City's legal work. Internally. A very little work is con-

tracted out, and in the few situations where work is contracted out; external firms are retained based on their expertise and ability to do the job. It is incorrect to suggest that one firm is receiving all or an unfair portion of contracted work.

Stephen Mandel: Yes there should be an open bid process for all the legal work of the city. The most competent person or firm should be chosen for each particular issue.

Tom Tomilson: Disclosure of companies bidding on City projects offered in the Capitol City and the Edmonton City Region should be open to all offers however Union Shops with a distinguished service record should also be allowed to participate. (Grandfather clauses may apply)

Note: By focusing on the narrow bottom line, a performance clause must be in place in order to not fall into a trap without an audit; And a work or material shortage or a bottleneck with other worker relations may cause a major delay, as many lawyers are paid to stall proceedings in order to obtain better contracts and increased profits in the short term.

- Dave Dutton Fraser

ROMANCE **R**

Romance should never begin with sentiment. It should begin with science and end with a settlement.

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SCUTTLEBUTT

R RENT-ROLL

No **rent-roll** nor army-list can dignify skulking and disimulation, and the first point of strategy must always be truth, at least in the forms of good-freeding point that way.

ALEXANDER SMITH



GREAT RENT AND ROLL SWINDLE

Mendacity - the foe that dare not answer to its name. We, nearly all of us, apply the grease of deceit to slip us through life's tight situations but Lord, isn't it loathsome being on the receiving end of lies? The world is planted thick with rip offs, from small pinpricks (like restaurants strategically ditching Direct Payment, forcing you to use their ATM's that charge up to \$3 a withdrawal) to the smacks of flagrant greed that leave you windless. Nearly everyone I know has endured the shock and anger of trying to fairly regain their security deposit from a scheming Landlord or Resident Manager. Ranging from vexatious to downright gobsacking, the stories pour in: often hundreds of dollars attempted to be or successfully grafted from the bewildered tenant. Why the success? Why the victimhood? Because the Landlord/Resident Manager knows that you're exhausted from moving, your kids are stropky and you have to get another residence up and running; they count on your fatigue, distraction and ignorance. Following is my own unsentimental education with Landlord rip-off schemes and the current leg-

islation that's tailor made for a Landlord to keep on rippin'.

We were preparing to depart from a large apartment complex in Clareview to a house. Friends of ours, Katie and Jarred, had moved from the same complex months earlier and had a terrible story to tell. Hundreds of dollars had been withheld from their damage deposit for bogus and infuriating reasons. What I found most galling is that Katie, alone (her husband was out of town), very pregnant and exhausted, broke down and cried from the shock of the endless, unjust penalties. But the Resident Manager, Cindy, was unmoved - there was money to be taken. Once I started asking around, the stories came in fast and furious: good people, impeccable tenants, young families, single mothers - it doesn't matter, no virtue affords one deliverance from having your deposit bilked by an unscrupulous Landlord or Resident Manager. But, back to our story: in light of our friends' experience, we prepared ourselves for a terrible move-out inspection and considered the traps that might await us. Cindy had forwarded a legal-sized sheet detailing the myriad cleaning tasks required to get our damage deposit

back. The document had authoritative heft but no correlation with the lease agreement Brian signed. After long hours of scouring, polishing and hauling cleaning equipment, we were ready for our inspection. We even had a digital camera at hand to take pictures of anything she found unacceptable because the place, truly, was immaculate. There was one matter that worried us - due to a bizarre wind incident, two plastic window blinds needed replacing (no repair required, a simple matter of their being popped into the empty sockets). We pointed this out to Cindy during the move-out inspection and she said it was no big deal, they were between \$5-10 each. The rest of the inspection went smoothly and we signed the Move Out form, the only charge showing was the replacement of two plastic window vanes. Then we got the cheque back from Canadian Urban Management Limited (CUML) and lo, there was \$140 held back for "Move Out Expenses" with no itemization, no explanation. Now, we're far from want so the loss of \$140 wouldn't break us, but it was the principle of the matter - what audacity to withhold \$140 of our money with no explanation and, likely, because they're so used to people not bothering to investigate. And though our good fortune would allow us to absorb \$140, that sum could be a disconcerting gouge to a lot of people and families. Here is a record of the absurd exchange between CUML and me when I tried to find out for what we'd been charged:

A registered letter was sent to CUML requesting we receive, in writing, an itemization of the \$140 withheld. No response - a brilliant tactic they employed whenever they could.

I call CUML and speak with Michelle, cutter of deposit refund cheques, who has a schizophrenic phone manner and goes from sugary sweetness to hissing irritation in a nanosecond. She explains that \$95 has been withheld for the steam cleaning of carpets and that \$45 has been withheld for the replacement of two window vanes.

Hold it, says I, the carpets were shampooed using professional equipment even though nothing in Brian's lease stipulated that professional carpet cleaning was a vacating requirement. Also, the move-out inspection checked off every carpet as perfectly clean - why did they re-clean clean carpets?

Michelle's response: Brian had signed an old lease, that one didn't mention steam cleaning, but the new leases do - he'd have to comply with new conditions, even though he had no idea what they were - it's automatic. What!?! Brian never signed any other lease but the one he did has unfixed and mutating contents? If that's the case, what's the point of signing bloody anything? She expected me to accept this bizarre rationale (it must have worked before) but I finally gripped her in my vice-like logic. She relented and said she'd discuss the carpet cleaning charge with her manager. Ultimately, she hissed that CUML had made a "mistake" and we'd be reimbursed the \$95.

The matter of the window vanes has more ramifications about tenants' rights. I mentioned the price we were quoted to replace them and Michelle hissed that Cindy shouldn't have given us that information. What I wanted to know is how the fee of \$45 was arrived at; surely the vanes were bought in bulk, were in store at the complex and they take less time to install than a light bulb. I asked the overwhelming question - could we please see the receipt for this work? Wow, now the song and dance went to a whole new level. First, I was told that the receipt was needed for tax purposes and couldn't be forwarded. No, I said, not the original, just fax

me a copy. In hissing mode once more, Michelle informed me that this isn't their policy. I persisted; we'd paid \$45 for a simple task to be done, we want to know how it was spent. She began to rustle paper furiously, saying that it was probably just a verbal quote. Fine, says I, but you still must have received an invoice. More paper was frantically throttled (I truly sense it was for effect only) and she finally hissed that the invoice mustn't have come in yet. I said I'd like a copy when it does and then she struck upon a cunning approach. Now slick and syrupy again, she said that waiting for the invoice would hold up the whole procedure - don't I want the \$95 now? No, I said, I'll wait. Hissssss.

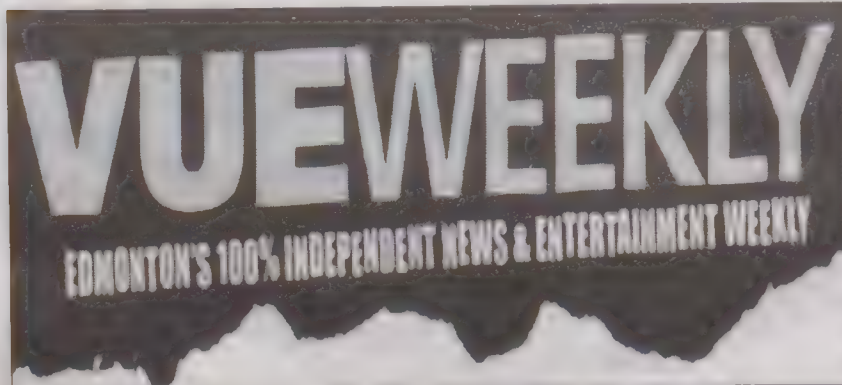
Hours later she called back. Once again swimming in sugar, she said she'd spoken to The Consumer Information Centre and CUML wasn't required to provide receipts. So there. My guess (and it's only a guess) is that there neither was nor ever will be a receipt or an invoice and that Cindy, the Resident Manager, took two cheap blinds from storage, popped them in place and now she and Michelle are splitting the \$45 - someone's pocketing that money. I can't prove it, but my suspicion is that money is often held back from tenants for work that's never done and, if cleaning companies are involved, they're in cahoots and mock up bogus invoices (worse case scenario is that friends or family members create cleaning companies solely for this reason - eek!). I gather this from our own experience and the many other stories I've heard. Something is truly rotten in the state of Rentmark.

What's so confusing is that The Landlord/Tenancy Advisory Board told me that we're entitled to see copies of receipts if we think a move-out cost illogically high BUT The Consumer Information Centre, who reads legislation, says the Landlord can charge what they want for any repair or replacement and the tenant has no right to see the details. I was so shocked by this that I finally blurted out to the Consumer Info Centre rep, "Doesn't that seem very unbalanced?" She said, "I can only speak to the legislation". "But, as a human being, as one human being to another, doesn't that seem unfair?" "I can't speak as a human being, I can only speak to the legislation" she responded. Okay, she didn't say that first part, but she might as well have.

Well, we want to set a precedent so we're going to pursue the request to see the invoice for the lousy \$45 charge. We've sent documents to the Landlord/Tenant Advisory Board and are requesting mediation. Much ado about nothing? We don't think so; the smug refusal of CUML to elaborate on where our \$45 went was so galling. Strategically, they did mail us the \$95 for the carpet cleaning that was never done; they no doubt suppose that will appease us and that we'll look foolish requesting mediation for \$45 BUT IT'S THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING!! It was a business transaction; we purchased something for \$45, we just want to see what.

Tune in next month to see things stand in our relentless pursuit of justice and we'll also be looking at the rental traumas in urban Middle Earth; i.e. the boarding house. Tales abound of people who've paid cash for accommodation in boarding houses only to be turfed out days later. What are their rights? To whom can they appeal? I also want to inform our readers about precautions they can take to ensure that their whole damage deposit is returned. Until then, "be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

- Keyna Laurence



SUBVERSES

ODE TO THE OLDER PERSON

Upon waking to another
one of God's sunny days
I felt refreshed after a very slept-in rest
I felt like a light lynx as
I walked after a little praise
To thank the Creator for
fast walking feet at best
To arrive on time for the
senior drop-in lunch
Sat opposite to a wiser, older man
than the rest, I suspect
Avoided by the rest as he smelt like a
weeks old unwashed
Clothes that were like a bunch of
discarded garments like
Those worn by current men &
women who try to earn respect
But men & women such as these,
I believe, may be the best
Loved ones by the Creator upstairs
Those days mighty men & women fall like
little meteoric melting stones
With faith, hope and a little love, I wish to
be big with the one who cares

-Ernie Ballandine
Vendor #1044

A REAL PERSON

I try to be a good person
I try walking with my spirit
I try asking the Creator for help
But here I am, no answers
No spirit, and not a good person
Tries a million times
I am a bum, but a clean bum
I have no friends...
I have no money...
I have no home...
I have no job...
Why is it I am alive?
What is the purpose of me?
Too many years gone by...
Yet I am nothing
I ask myself, "Did I ever exist?"
Was I ever me?
Who am I?
Maybe this is a dream
A bad dream!
Maybe there is no hope
Maybe there is no help
Maybe, maybe, maybe...

-Marjorie Bruno

WHEN SPRINGTIME COMES

When springtime comes and baby bright
Brings light and joy to you, far friends,
I can't but send a word or two
To wish you all your heart amends.

May love and peace fill
All your lives
Through many poops and
A gentle wife's

Sweet breast of comfort,
Heart of home;
Life springs eternal,
May Matthias be strong!

-JR Robertson

THE LAST WORD IN HANDSOME IS ME

She asked for a cigarette
I said, "I don't smoke."
She asked for cash to buy liquid aid
I said, "I'm too broke."
She asked, "How do you enjoy life?"
I said, "Sometimes I tell a joke."
She asked, "Do you carry a knife?"
"No" says I, trying to avoid the wind I broke
Finally, she inquired, "Do you think you're handsome?"
"Yes," said I, "the last word in handsome is me!"

- Ernie Ballandine
Vendor #1044

POETRY

P

Poetry is the universal language which the heart holds with nature and itself. He who has a contempt for **poetry**, cannot have much respect for himself, or for anything else.

WILLIAM HAZLITT

VENDOR REPUBLIC

S SHOT

I flew in combat in Vietnam. I got **shot** at, I **shot** back, I got **shot** down. Compared to this flight, I felt a lot safer in combat.

RICHARD G. RUTAN



Fish Roulade

A roulade is simply a meat or vegetable laid out, layered with a stuffing and rolled. My grandmother used to make one with hamburger and a bread stuffing with herbs. She would roll the layers with the meat side on parchment paper, refrigerate, then cut into one inch slices and fry to a golden brown, served with fried potatoes, roasted vegetables and gravy.

A roulade can be made with practically anything you can roll. After giving a big BBQ some time ago, I had large lengthwise strips of BBQ'd eggplant and zucchini, a spinach dip and stuffed mushroom caps left over. I rolled the whole lot into a roulade with one mushroom cap per slice for a dinner the next night and everyone assumed that this appetizer took the whole morning to make. It only took about five minutes, really. One roulade that I really like is made with salmon, but I have had equal success with snapper, sole and other whitefish.

One Shot Meal

Inexpensive meals that can be made in one pot or pan

Directions:

- Slice the fish fillet lengthwise into 1cm strips the full width of the fillet. This is a lot easier if you cut the meat while it is still slightly frozen.

- Layer one side of the fish with dill (fresh if possible) and a thin layer of wild and brown rice cooked with thinly sliced green onion and red pepper.

- Roll up the roulade firmly, not tightly, then wrap in parchment paper or saran wrap and refrigerate for several hours. You can bake the whole thing for 15 minutes at 400 degrees on a roasting pan, BBQ whole or cut into medallions and fry into butter and olive or grape-seed oil. The medallions can also be dusted in bread crumbs or ground nuts before frying. If you take the BBQ route, make sure to baste the roulade every few minutes and cook over indirect heat.

- Warren Bjarnason

A Two-Way Street

Hey Lady-Can you spare some change? "No way!" I growled back at him. I was in a bad mood already and I sure didn't need his face planted in the middle of my path. I had no use for these guys who showed up out of the blue just to harass people. Some of them were pretty unpredictable and could get aggressive whether you gave to them or not. I worked hard for every penny I earned and I wasn't gonna give any of it to some panhandler I didn't even know. I felt guilty about it though. There was no way I could tell if he was one of the few really trying to help himself or if he was just another bum who couldn't be bothered to make a commitment to anyone or anything-but he sure didn't deserve any recognition for pushing terrorist tactics on people that way. He wouldn't last long on this street!

A little further down the way, I saw one of the street regulars selling his little sketches to people on the sidewalk. I stopped to fish out a couple of bucks before moving on. Value given for value taken! I didn't get a sketch every time I dropped money his way-just every once in awhile when I figured I'd given enough to trade for a picture. I really didn't have much money. His stuff wasn't much to look at either but he was doing whatever he could to help himself from where he was-and he really was getting better. I had quite a few of his little drawings scattered around my apartment now. You could see the improvements he'd been making over the last year or two. Who knows, maybe they might even be worth something someday. Besides, I'd kinda gotten used to them.

I stopped and talked with a couple of the buskers. We had a thing going where one of us would say a word and the others would talk about it as if we'd been discussing the subject all along-kind of like an impromptu drama role play. Then one of them played some cool jazz blues riffs while the other kept a good rhythm going. My pocket was a little lighter after I left them too. They both had regular day jobs that almost paid the bills-but playing down here kept them focused on their music and the money they did or didn't get from passers by let them know when what they did was good or when they hadn't quite connected all the dots. I played just enough guitar myself to appreciate how good they really were.

Then I saw the blind guy with the tin cup and the mashed up face. I didn't bother trying to talk with him while I dug out the free burger coupon I'd been saving. He had a lot of trouble forming his words coherently and he never remembered who I was anyway. I never knew if he was sober or not because he always smelled sticky-sweet like mouthwash whether he'd been drinking it or not. But he was there a lot of the time-this was his version of a job and that I could support. I chuckled to myself-wondering what the odds were on him using the coupon or just trading it away to get enough to buy his bottle. He never pretended he was really after anything else and I appreciated his honesty-that was at least a commitment I could relate to.

After that I bought a street paper from the vendor who always remembered to say hello when I was going by. That kinda surprised him because I didn't usually buy papers-I usually hated to read what other people wrote because it just interfered with the things I was doing. Today I needed to get bumped out of the rut I'd been in and I was pretty sure that would help.

I kept walking further on down the street-thinking about all the times I'd been there over the years-staring in the windows of the shops I didn't dare go into because I'd blow my whole budget for some crazy little artefact that had meaning to nobody else but me-and wondering why I kept coming back here to this street!

The poet with the wild eyes was suddenly there. He always had a new poem ready to give me and I rarely missed slipping some change his way. Some of the lines he spoke had a way of echoing back on me days or even weeks later. I just wished he was there more often. I was still a bit dazed by that encounter when I literally bumped into the bottle-picker with the stories about his past lives. Couldn't really call that a conversation but at least I heard about another one of his reincarnations and learned he was doing free meditation sessions that people were actually coming to. That impressed me! That was news! He was moving forward and helping people. I was really touched when he dug into his shopping cart and gave me one of his apples. I could feel a bit of his glow still washing over me even after I stopped to get a new pack of smokes. They didn't last as long as I'd hoped though. The street kids I'd chatted with a few times came up to borrow a pen or at least that's what they said they wanted. Then they borrowed a light for the one cigarette they had to share between them-and I ended up passing the whole pack over to the five of them. You woulda thought I'd given them a gold mine! It was time for me to try to quit again anyhow.

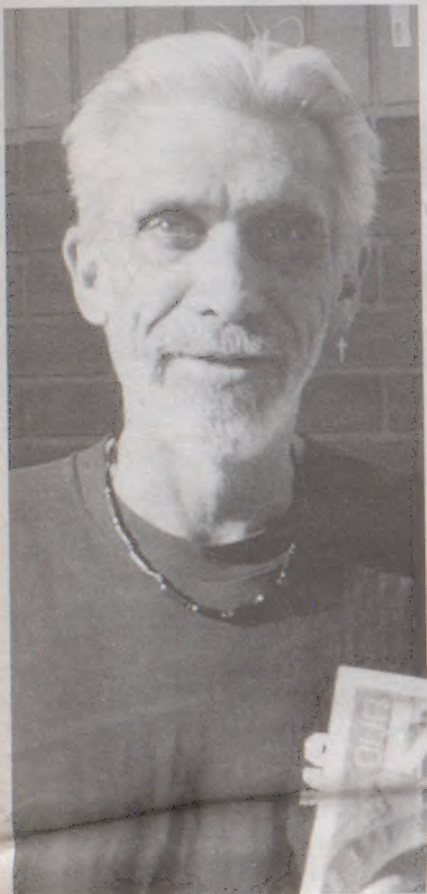
I sat down on the steps of the old post office and started munching on the apple-just enjoying being there and letting life wash over me. I was glad I'd come out-being here always made things better. I knew I'd be able to get some real writing done tonight. That tight little knot inside me had finally let go. A middle-aged woman walked by and abruptly turned back-impulsively pressing a bill into my hand with a knowing smile on her lips. Stunned-I looked down at the fanny pack cinched around my favourite long skirt that really had gotten too ragged to be presentable-and blushed in embarrassment as I realized she thought I was one of the street regulars too.

That's when it finally dawned on me-I was! That's why this place made me feel so good! That's why I never felt like an outsider here! That's why I liked the people so much! This was a two-way street. It worked both ways-I was as much a part of it as it was a part of me. And it felt good knowing I was home!

-Misty Wells

VENDOR REPUBLIC

Vendor Profile



Erin Bishop

Erin Bishop was born in Edmonton and has lived in the city for the past 20 years. He lived in Redwater, Alberta for 11 years before that. He has two sisters and his mother living here in E-town.

Erin was a carpenter by trade, he had to give it up after an accident which permanently injured his back. After that, he became a professional guitar player in a local band, gave lessons and had his own studio. A few years ago, Erin had a stroke which kept him from being able to play guitar and much else that he could before the stroke. Wondering what to do, Erin remembered a friend who sold Our Voice and decided to give it a try. He has been with Our Voice for three years now.

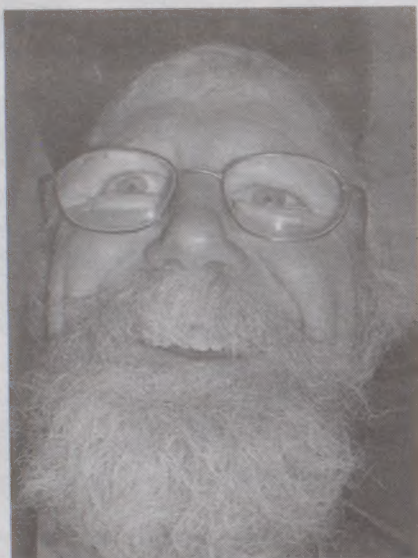
To the other vendors, Erin says: "Be nice to everyone, have patience and don't become discouraged."

Erin likes the stories in Our Voice and feels good about being able to give his customers something good for their money. He wishes to thank all of his supporters over the years.

Erin can be found vending at the Cromdale Safeway at the East doors or on 100th Street and Jasper Avenue by the Telus building.

-Cec Garfin

The Fox's Den



Following in Freddie Fox's Footsteps

A little family history on being an active participant in my community: My dad, Fred, was born and raised on a farm near Burr just outside of Dublin, Ireland. He spent seven years in the British Merchant Marines during World War II as Lead Stoker.

My mother was born in Youghall, County Cork. During the war she was a nurse in England.

Fast forward to Sept 1949, a choice between Australia and Canada, depending on which ship was leaving first.

Traveling by train from Montreal to Sudbury, my dad was one of the first wave of new employees hired by Inco Mining company. My mom was five months pregnant with her first child. The first people that my parents got to know were Earl and Berle Smith from Sault Ste. Marie. The following spring, they bought farmland in Azilda, where to this day, they still have cattle and cut hay. My parents sold their land in the fifties.

They moved into the main part of Azilda where the townsite was taking shape.

The Azilda-Chelmsford area was predominantly French and English speaking, along with Eastern Europeans and other nationalities after the war.

Schools and churches were for French and English being either Catholic or Protestant English.

The English Catholics shared classrooms at St. Agnes School. By the time I was in fourth grade my dad organized the parents to lobby for their own school and church.

Mass was still said in Latin with sermon in French and English. The masses were in the basement of the church, then moving into St. Marie school.

St. Patrick's school was constructed in 1957-8. My dad served on the P.T.A. (Parents Teachers Association) in one form or another and my mother volunteered for functions that they put on. The church building was a huge project because two churches were being built, one in Azilda, one in Chelmsford. My dad was president of The Holy Name Society. Mom served various positions on the executive and president of Catholic Women's League. Every Saturday my mom volunteered along with myself and my brother or sister doing the church cleaning.

When the churches were finally finished, most of the parishioners joked that there was already a school with an Irish name so the church was called St. Alexander.

One of the biggest fundraisers for paying off the mortgage was a raffle ticket sale once a month. Eleven tickets were sold. The winner got \$500.00, the seller of the winning ticket got twenty-five dollars and team captain got ten dollars. Every month, my brothers and sisters' job was to lick the stamps on envelopes to be mailed out to ticket buyers.

At any church function, the Fox family was heavily active. Church was a major part of our lives also.

In the late fifties, early sixties the Mine Mill Union got raided by the United Steelworkers of America. My dad never switched his allegiance from Mine Mill to the Steel workers and did not sign up with the latter.

In the late sixties, early seventies, my dad was running the canvassing committee in Azilda for the N.D.P. (New Democrat Party) provincially. My dad enlisted the oldest of his eight kids to go out knocking on doors and dropping off pamphlets. A highlight of the campaign were in 1971 meeting Grant Nottle, the only elected member of the N.D.P. in Alberta.

The president and some executive members of the Steelworkers Union showed up in Azilda. My dad got into a heated discussion with them about where their support was in the last election. Cooler heads prevailed with just bruised egos for union reps.

Floyd Laughlin upset the P.C. incumbent for the Nickle Belt and held the seat until he retired about five years ago.

Myself and six other union tradeworkers from various unions met more than once with Pink Floyd (a monicker for the media) to address health and safety issues.

Both parents were active in Chelmsford Legion Branch 593. My dad being games and sports coordinator, vice-president, and finally president. He was zone commander of legion branches for the area stretching from Wawa in Northwestern Ontario to Mattawa in the east. Parry Sound in the south to Kirland-Timmins in the north. My mom was involved with the Ladies' Auxiliary. When they weren't participating in functions, they always volunteered.

During his tenure as president, his most obvious accomplishment was the new addi-

tion and renovation of the legion hall.

However, his biggest accomplishment was being the driving force behind the Whitewater Seniors' Residence Project, sponsored by the Legion.

A lot of long hard hours went into showing the need for senior housing, assembling the land which the Anglican Church owned, rezoning the property, securing the financing, and submitting the tenders. From start to move-in dates, it took nearly three years.

The residence opened August 1991. My father passed away September 30, 1991 from cancer. My mom passed away April 30, 1994.

All members of the Fox family have volunteered, financially supported or participated in community groups.

Having parents who were so active had a huge impact on my life, my brothers and sisters.

Being Freddy Fox's children was by no means a bed of roses. Being boisterous, strong-willed, outgoing, outspoken, no gray areas just black and white, being Irish didn't help matters, I guess.

It was hard following his footsteps, harder though for his kids that lived in the Azilda-Chelmsford area.

As a footnote, at the funeral home visitation, on the last night over 500 people signed the guestbook. The mourners came from all walks of life and political stripes. Legion honour guard and members from every branch were represented.

Quote from Jerry Lougheed, Jr.: "Freddy Fox was a mover and a shaker. You either loved or hated him."

This was the groundwork for me for being actively involved with the Bissell Centre, as volunteer, writer, vendor and outside distributor for Our Voice which is a Bissell project. Supporting and writing about Grant MacEwan College Student Association groups.

Supporting or participating in fundraising projects (health/housing).

I am just one of many people from all walks of life trying to have an open, healthy, and safe community. Please do your part. It doesn't matter how much or little in this process.

By the way, remember Oct 18th is Civic election day. Get out and vote.

-Kevin Fox

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Libra (September 24-October 23)

Your health could be jeopardised this month Libra, especially if you surround yourself with the same friends and/or co-workers whom you have subjected to your narcissistic behaviours over the past several years. Yes, it's your birthday but you should understand that people are less inclined to acknowledge it and treat it as your special day if you're actions imply that they should. Let them take the initiative. You're a good person who will be acknowledged if you let it happen.

Scorpio (October 24-November 22)

You might consider starting to save the family allowance cheque for a decent microphone and amplifier this month. Your patience in allowing the young one to practice pui-t-a beul in the den is starting to pay off. The obvious talent and hard work have rendered a raw gift in making "mouth music" into something approaching that which can be commercially exploited. If you hit the road now, you can get almost a whole year of performances in before the child must be enrolled in school.

Sagittarius (November 23-December 21)

The long-range forecast has October offering one last glowing opportunity to stave off the onset of Seasonal Affective Disorder. Despite the threat of instability from your zodiac mates, Sandy urges that, for the sake of your emotional health, you shouldn't stay inside when you can get out. It's Edmonton, so sunglasses can be made to pair rather smartly with your toque.

Capricorn (December 22-January 20)

Getting at least 8 hours of sleep a day from the 24th through to the end of the month should ensure that you have both the imagination to conceive of, and the time to carry out, your plan for your best Hallowe'en costume ever. With the release of Episodes 4 to 6 on DVD recently, you might be tempted to dig out that old stormtrooper costume but a diet of pre-bedtime herbal tea should stimulate your imagination to come up with something much better than that.

Aquarius (January 21-February 19)

You've had a pretty good year so far Aquarius but it would still be prudent of you to shop for a big squash and carve the image of a spirit guardian onto it. Place it on your front step before Samhainn (begins at dusk on October 31st). Having thus dealt with the unwelcome visitors from the Otherworld, you might want to take care of the friendly dearly departed by laying out some food and drink for them. Leave a window or two open if you must, but the gate and especially the door should be left locked to foil the more corporeal demons roaming about for whom the dissolution of society is not limited to the eve of Samhainn.

Pisces (February 20-March 20)

You have a long way to go Pisces so you'd best be movin' on. Since falling in love with the tailor's daughter, saying farewell to Lochaber and following her to An Innis Aigh (The Happy Isle), you've been left with nothing to embrace but the cold winds. You know in your heart that it's time to let it go and if somebody says it you reply "Maybe you're right." You're thinking now "One day I walk" but you'll leave sooner than you think. Then, wherever you end up, whenever you hear the bells you'll yearn to start another

chapter of weddings, wakes and funerals, all begun by taking another's hand to say - in the language that was spoken in the Garden of Eden - "O tha mo dhuil ruit (oh how I love thee)".

Aries (March 21-April 20)

Mars, Mercury and the Sun join Jupiter in the constellation of Libra to lend emphasis this month to the newly begun phase of Jupiter in which positive changes are possible in the areas of agreements, marriage, partnerships, and allies over the next twelve months. If you have a concern relating to your significant other look for a chance to speak with him or her about it in the first week of October. By the full moon of the 27th, you might be surprised to find out how much you are appreciated. Trust your instincts.

Taurus (April 21-May 21)

The impact of meteorites upon the well-being of the Taurean sub-group will be negligible providing you are well away from low tides between the ninth and fifteenth. You will have a chance before the end of the month to step into a leadership role in your community. This is your chance to try and do something to help yourself and your neighbours.

Gemini (May 22-June 21)

Healthy communities were once ensured in part through vigilance against crones who would cast the evil eye on your cow which would subsequently give sour milk. A modern day threat to communities is cronyism resulting in backroom development deals that jeopardise community spirit. You can help devise protective actions that don't necessarily involve stoning or burning at the stake. As much as you might wish for these actions, an eye for an eye makes the whole world blind.

Cancer (June 22-July 23)

Given the increased risk of choking during the solar eclipse of the thirteenth, thorough mastication is advised to minimise the possibility of an unpleasant food accident. Keeping an eye out for suspicious activity in your neighbourhood is an important contribution to safety and crime fighting. You might think that the fellow you saw pushing the car down the street at 3:30 AM was none of your concern but what if your neighbours then couldn't get to the hospital in time and one of them died?

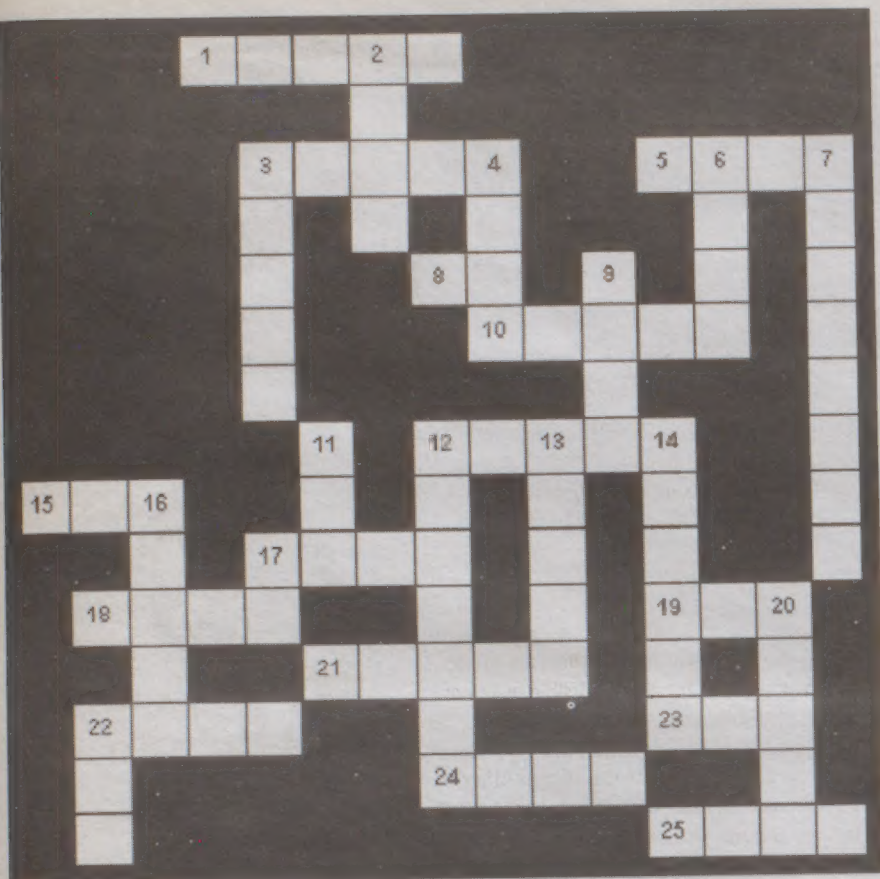
Leo (July 24-August 22)

Community activism will not have a more favourable celestial alignment this year than it does this month due to the residual Van Allen vibratory declination in the wake of the autumnal equinox. Chair a committee, volunteer for a board or help the coach of your kid's sports team. It all matters... a lot.

Virgo (August 23-September 23)

Beware the soporific turkey enzyme! Overeating at Thanksgiving should not be followed by the operation of heavy machinery or other vehicles that will exceed 30 kilometres per hour. The Memorial Jam Party will present a wonderful venue for meeting with pals and making new social connections. The sharing of keen insights will enlighten and edify long after the final strains of music subside. Enjoy yourself, and you might consider bringing something for the Food Bank.





Crossword (Solution Next Month)

Across:

1. An ending
3. Doing as one pleases
5. Something inferior
8. Relates to instinctive responses
10. Courage
12. Prevailing customs
15. Clumsy person
17. Departure
18. Enclosure
19. Relates to environment
21. Hammered fastener
22. Broken seed part
23. Replacement
24. Being alone
25. A friend

Down:

2. Slender shoot
3. Creatures of an age and place
4. Restless walking
6. Strong vapour
7. Interval between two tones
9. In agreement
11. King
12. Inducements
13. Place for transportation
14. Mouse-like animals
16. Keen perception
17. Part of a building at right angles to it.
20. Sphere of influence
22. Familiar term of address.

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- ▶ Cleaning - domestic/industrial
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Or

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Telephone: 421-1175 ext 22

Mon-Fri 7pm-3pm

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Poetry Reading!

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Music: 7:00 PM

Bissell Centre

10527 - 96 St.

Contact: Earl @ 423-2285 ext. 144



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WORKSHOP STAGE

hosted by Ron Taylor

SONG CIRCLE

hosted by Bob Robichaud

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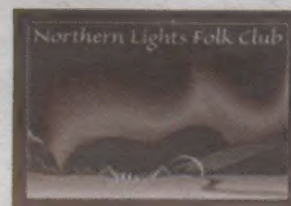
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